

Vengeance: In my family's name

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Vengeance: In my family's name

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

I was a good farmer. My family was slaughtered by His Highness King Deric's soldiers.

So I became a necromancer, like my father before me, and I'm going to get my revenge while finding myself plenty of beautiful sex slaves.

Who knows, maybe I'll find love along the way.

OR an DARK erotic fiction where the hero is just as wicked as "the evil king" and has a sad ending.

- A translation of [Vengeance: Au nom de ma famille](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Tragedy

Notes: A story I had deleted from Ao3. I was able to recover it thanks to "AO3_final_location" on the Internet Archive! Many thanks to Entropy11235813.

This was because of my autistic mind, which always seems to be in conflict between "what's right, what's wrong, and works of a pornographic nature, especially those with Non-Con in them." My mind also tends to create imaginary and exaggerated fears about this, like "what if people find out you write and translate this stuff? Your life will be ruined! You'll be put on the sex offenders list, you'll go to jail, etc." Anyway, I had moments where I wanted to "destroy everything". That's why the deletion had happened, but this story is back to stay.

Our world is called Wilhexmor. It is a medieval world, consisting of two neighboring kingdoms: Horis and Meribel. I am Adari Albion, a farmer from Abatte village. The son of Alivian Albion and Rhenore Daliette. I am from the Meribel kingdom, just like my parents. I am 20 years old and I have two brothers and three sisters. My hair is black and short, my eyes are hazel. I am the portrait of my father, because my mother is blonde.

I'm going to marry a young woman from the village soon, although this doesn't seem to make my father very happy. I think he would have preferred his oldest son to stay on the farm. It must be said that I am his only child who has had an education. Unlike my siblings, I can read, write, and know a little about Wilhexmor history. Tonight, a party is being held in my honor in the village for my upcoming wedding. No matter how much I grumbled that it was a waste of time and that I had to take care of the harvest early in the morning, my parents took me by force to Abatte.

All the villagers greet me, the young ladies make sweet eyes at me - I feel that there are jealousy - and my bride is red with embarrassment. Since the announcement of our wedding, we have hardly spoken. What is her name again? It's a flower's name.

"Come on, Dari, aren't you going to chat with your beautiful Hyacinth?" My father asks me.

Dari is a nickname because many of the villagers can't pronounce Adari properly. They also call my father "Vian" instead of Alivian.

"Hyacinth?"

"You're in the potatoes, son!" Alivian says with a laugh. "Your future wife!"

"Oh yeah, I... I see her. Uh... I'll talk to her."

Even though I don't feel like it. I approach her and Hyacinth blushes more.

"G...Good evening." I said.

"Good evening, Dari. It's... a lovely celebration... isn't it?"

"Uh... yeah, I guess... I'd rather be in bed. The land waits for no one. When it's harvest time..."

"Yes, the land offers its gifts in the hands of good farmers who respect it."

I remain silent.

"You... You are the most noble farmer I know." Hyacinth says to me, which surprises me.

"Noble? I'm not a prince!"

Hyacinth laughs. Strangely, I find her laughter annoying, almost insulting.

"No, but you are a prince to me." She says to me. "You speak so well..."

"You think so?"

"Not like the other people on the land. The other farmers are... well, you know."

I know what she meant. Uneducated. Poor. Vulgar. Did she think she'd get rich by marrying me? My father has no hidden treasure. Thinking of any treasure, I remember the collectors' dark visit for His Majesty the King's royal dues. Our family is in arrears, and if we don't pay promptly in crops or coins, there will be "grave consequences." I push this memory away from my mind. This isn't the right time to torment myself with it.

"Dari? Are you still with me?" Hyacinth asks me.

"Yes. I'm sorry. You were saying...?"

"I was saying that my wedding dress should..."

She spends ages telling me about her dream wedding dress, the land where we should build a house and a farm, the number of children we should have, the names we should give them... but nothing about me. About what I want. I quickly become frustrated and, if my father hadn't taught me courtesy to the ladies, I would have hit her.

Better than that, I would have hit her hard, dragged her into a corner out of sight, my penis would have violently entered her love tunnel and my hands would have caressed her beautiful breasts. This is what the hard Egnas' two sons would have done. Real monsters, not knowing the difference between right and wrong. I have to watch them, by the way, because they often look at my sisters with a dirty look.

To get through this ordeal, I remember the day when, at my 18th birthday, I buried my life as a boy. My father had asked a stunningly beautiful woman to give me her body for a night and she gave me a magical night. I still revel in remembering her cries of pleasure as my penis entered her hole, "her temple" as she called it, to deposit my offering, my semen. She had also told me that a woman's body is a sacred object and must be treated with the utmost respect. I can't imagine doing the same with Hyacinth.

As soon as my bride has finally finished speaking, I wish her a good evening and I leave her to go home. My brothers insisted that I stay and dance, but I ignored them. Even if it was in my honor, I never wanted this celebration.

I go to bed immediately and our rooster seems to crow far too early. I open my eyes. How long have I been asleep? Three hours? Four hours? It doesn't matter. The earth is waiting for me. I splash water on my face, eat a bun with a piece of cheese, take a canteen of water with me, and set out for our family's land.

The hours pass and I work the land, while harvesting potatoes, carrots and turnips. I find it strange that my brothers and father have not yet arrived, but I don't worry. They are probably still in bed.

At noon, I am still alone. The sun shines brightly and I feel its rays on my skin. I drink from my gourd to quench my thirst and, putting my

hand under my forehead, like an umbrella, to see better, I see smoke in the distance. A thick smoke. A fire? My heart starts to beat faster.

The smoke comes from the direction of our house and farm. Without delay, I run to the family home. When I arrive, the horror on my face is indescribable. Our farm, in flames. Our house, transformed into an inferno. My two brothers' dead bodies. One has his legs torn off and his face is a mush of flesh and blood. The other has his eyes gouged out and his arms missing. My three sisters' bodies show signs of rape. I find dried semen on their stomachs and faces. My mother's body has her head cut off and her nipples torn off. My father... where is he? I don't see his corpse. Is he in the house?

Suddenly, I hear his voice calling me, but in my head. I thought I was going crazy, but I listen to what the voice is telling me. It gives me directions. I follow them and find my father at the back of the burning house. His stomach is open because I can see his organs. His heart, his lungs, everything. His right hand has been ripped off, his eyes have been gouged out, his tongue looks like it has been cut out, because his mouth is bleeding. Yet he is alive because he is talking to me mentally. How is this possible?

"Father?" I ask him.

With his remaining hand, he points at something. A small, rough, white stone.

<It's here, son. >

"I'm sorry?"

<My soul. In a stone. Like many years ago. >

"Father, I don't understand. What...?"

<But yes, you do understand. I have taught you all that is necessary. What is my magic, my son? >

"It's... it's..."

The words get stuck in my throat. It was impossible. My father couldn't be—

<Yes, it's— >

"Necromancy. Father, were you... Adervil Adiel?"

My father, with shame in his voice, said "yes". Years ago, he had told me a story about a necromancer named Adervil Adiel.

Adervil Adiel

Adervil, a merchant family's son in the Horis kingdom, had a necromancer among his ancestors. Being of a curious nature and wanting to avenge the mockery of which he was victim during his childhood, he immersed himself in learning this evil magic during his adolescence. It was simple for him. His ancestor had hidden books on the subject and Adervil's father had kept them, without knowing what their contents were.

As soon as he turns 18, Adervil separates his soul from his body, sealing it in a beautiful white stone he found on a beach. His body then becomes a lich and his apprenticeship comes to an end. For his revenge, he raises a small army with the dead at the city's cemetery where he lives. Then, needing a den, he takes over the old prison.

Finally, he sent his army to torture and kill all the boys, now men, who had mocked him during his youth. The damsels, on the other hand, had an even more terrible fate. All these beautiful women, some of whom were barely 18 years old, were brought before him. Adervil's hands then had the pleasure of chaining them up, stripping them naked and caressing them. Their breasts, their buttocks, their pussies...

His "favorite," a blonde named Crystal, had the honor of caressing him with both her hands and her tongue while the lich's hands made her moan with pleasure. Even though Adervil's body is "dead," he can still feel pleasure during sex by focusing on his "partner's" soul and absorbing her pleasure.

Of course, Adervil wanted to punish these lovely women further, especially his beautiful Crystal, so his penis penetrates them forcefully, one after another. The lich also forces Crystal to watch him violate his other beauties, despite her torments. When the other townspeople tried to kill Adiel to avenge the dead men and free the women, he executed a "Great Harvest," a mass soul-stealing. Most people were killed. Among the survivors were Adervil's parents.

His father and his mother go to him and beg him to stop "his madness". Crystal is near him and the lich's left hand caresses her clitoris with delicacy.

"My 'madness'? You don't know what madness is." Said Adervil.
"Madness would be wanting to conquer this kingdom, to become its ruler, to have all its women at my feet!"

He goes into his beautiful Crystal's love tunnel with his fingers, making her scream. Adervil's mother holds back from vomiting.

"But that isn't my desire. My desire was for revenge and that's accomplished. Now I only want to be left alone, in peace, with my beautiful slaves. Especially you, my Crystal."

His fingers continue to caress her sweet from the inside. Crystal moans with pleasure and pain. Adervil's father yell an expletive.

"Come on, cutie. Say it."

"I love you, Master Adervil."

"Louder, my sweet Crystal, louder!"

He caresses her even faster.

"I LOVE YOU, MY ADERVIL!!!"

"YESSS~!"

His father, horrified by the monster that his son has become, and by the "spectacle" he has just witnessed, arms himself with a sword and charges the necromancer. The lich laughs, makes a movement with his right hand, and the man is paralyzed. A light, his soul, appears on his chest.

"Father, you are a fool! I am invincible!" Adervil said coldly. "If you won't let me live in peace, then I will have to kill you!"

Then his mother yells that she prefers to die rather than to continue to live with "a monster of a son".

"As you wish, Mother. Farewell."

The lich snaps his fingers and his mother's soul is torn from her body, killing her. Adervil takes it in his right hand and devours it, condemning her to "live" inside him for eternity. He then retrieves his father's soul and consumes it as well, before freeing his left hand's fingers from the hole in his beautiful Crystal. They are covered in her love juice.

"Finally, peace... Crystal? Here, sweetheart."

He puts his fingers, covered in juice, in her mouth.

"Do you like that? I want you to clean them with your tongue."

Crystal complies and Adervil smiles.

The years pass and, although Adervil has his beautiful Crystal, as well as his other slaves as companions, he is bored stiff. His revenge has been accomplished. He doesn't want to rule the world. He just wants... what does he want? How does he plan to continue with his non-life?

"Crystal, my beautiful Crystal, give me some ideas."

"Well..."

She lets out a scream as Adervil enters his penis into her asshole.

"Well, you could... travel."

"And where would I go?" Adervil asks his slave.

"Wherever you want."

"And what would I do when I reached my destination? In this form I would bring only hatred and contempt."

Adervil ejaculates, offering his seeds, although infertile, to Crystal. She moans with pleasure.

"When I was a kid, I didn't want to be a merchant, like my father." He says. "I wanted a farm. I wanted to be a farmer."

"Farmer?"

"Yes. To have a land. A wife."

Crystal then proposed to him to buy a land and to build a farm. She would be his wife.

"What about my other slaves? Do I kill them?" Adervil asks.

"Yesss~!" Says Crystal. "You have me, you don't need them."

"It's true. I could start over. Stop being a necromancer. Start a new life. Yes, it's possible, but I need a body. A young, beautiful, vigorous body. A farmer."

"I can get you one, Master Adervil!"

He begins to fondle her breasts and Crystal moans in delight.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes. I would do anything for you Master!"

"No."

He quickly withdraws his penis from Crystal's ass and stops stroking her. She is surprised.

"To start over, everything must be destroyed." Said Adervil. "All my possessions, including you, Crystal."

"What?! No. You can't do this to me!" Crystal exclaims. "MASTER, I LOVE YOU!"

"No, I forced you to love me, by playing with your body, by caressing your soul with my darkness while you sleep..."

"Y-Y-You lie!"

"I have to find a woman I will really love. Start all over again..."

Crystal begged him, but Adervil stole her soul and tore it to pieces, preventing her from going to the afterlife. He does the same with his other slaves and then goes in search of the perfect body. He quickly finds his target, a handsome young farmer in his twenties. He destroys his soul, steals his body, changes his identity and travels to the neighboring kingdom where he can rebuild his life and start a family.

Adervil Adiel's story was my father's story. He was Adervil. He had changed his name to Alivian Albion, traveled to the Meribel kingdom and stopped in Abatte village. A pretty woman, Rhenore Daliette, my mother, courted him, even though it was usually the men who courted the women and I knew the rest.

His wedding, the building of the farm and our house, my birth, the birth of my brothers and sisters.

"Why..." I asked Alivian. "Why didn't you tell me?"

< Because I had left all that behind. I... I never thought... to get my soul out... until they... >

"They"? Who did this? Who killed our family?"

I had to know at any cost.

Like father, like son

< I know it's painful. Believe me. I feel it, the pain in your soul, but you must forget. >

"What?!" I exclaimed.

< You must marry Hyacinth and start a family. >

"NO!"

< Revenge is not going to bring your mother, brothers and sisters back from the dead! >

"..."

< Necromancy... that vile magic. It brings only suffering. My son, promise me you will not— >

"Tell me who did this."

< Don't follow in my footsteps, my Path. Be a good farmer. Marry Hyacinth. >

"Answer me, Father, and I may not seek revenge."

< My son. My Adari. They were... His Highness King Deric's royalty collectors. I had not paid what they had asked, and our time is well past due, so they came with soldiers from the king. It was the soldiers who raped your sisters, killed your brothers... but it was the collectors who set fire to the house and the barn. >

"The royalty collectors... the soldiers... the king. This is King Deric's fault."

< Da...Dari? >

I will pick up the small stone containing my father's soul.

"If I understand correctly, when you devoured your parents' souls, did they remain inside you?" I asked Alivian.

< Yes, for all eternity. Even when I changed my body and gave up necromancy, they stayed with me. >

"Okay, and can you talk to them?"

< *Yes, and they are obliged to obey my every command.* >

"Ahhhh~... Then, if I devour this stone, your soul will be inside me, along with your parents."

< *No. It will be destroyed.* >

"No, Father. You will stay inside me. After all, if you leave, who will try to dissuade me from avenging our family?"

< *DARI! You promised me—* >

"I didn't promise anything. I just said, 'I may not seek revenge'. May not, Father."

< *NO!* >

"In my family's name, I'll become..."

I hear my father screaming as I devour the white stone.

As soon as the white stone was consumed, I felt several soft lights inside me. The soul of my father and those of his parents. Alivian curses me, but I order him to teach me everything he knows about necromancy and, of course, how to keep pretty women as slaves. He is obliged to obey me. Once this is done, I thank him from the bottom of my heart. My father makes a spitting noise. Now my revenge will begin.

The first thing I do is to find a stone worthy of carrying my soul. Although most villagers in Abatte are poor, I know that the merchant Damas' wife has a black cord necklace with a green stone. Although Alivian tells me that it is a fake gemstone, I silence him with an order. I think he hates me now.

After taking the stone, without anyone noticing me, I wait for the night and go to the village cemetery. There I put my soul into the green stone and wear the precious jewel around my neck. I hide the stone under my farmer's clothes and watch my body transform. My black hair turns white as snow and grows down halfway to my back. My skin becomes dull, paler, and it decays slightly. My fingernails grow longer. I touch my face, gently. It is cold, frozen in time. My new body is getting colder and colder, its warmth fading. My heart stops beating. It is finished.

My rebirth as a lich is complete and my vengeance will soon be accomplished. Without wasting any time, I begin to raise the dead from the cemetery. The first soldiers of my future army. I recognize a few zombies and skeletons. A farmer's wife, who died a short time ago. The baker's son, dead in his blood after a fight. Some old people, a couple. Strangely, I can't remember their names. I hear my father whispering names, but I hardly listen to him.

As soon as my little undead troop is complete, I was about to give them the order to attack the village, despite my father's pleas - his parents' souls are always silent -, when a woman's voice screams. I order some zombies to bring her to me. I recognize her.

"Well, well~..." I say in a seductive but also evil tone.

I order the undead to tear off her clothes. The woman screams and I admire her body curves.

"What do we have here?"

One of the zombies gags her mouth and my hands caress her breasts very softly.

"This is my beautiful bride, *my* Hyacinth."

I pinch her nipples. Hyacinth lets out a muffled moan.

"It's good that you're here, my sweet~..."

I continue to caress her breasts slowly.

"But to be honest, I never wanted you. You never care about me..."

My hands go lower, lower...

"...about my desires..."

...to her clitoris and pussy. I touch them with pleasure.

Suddenly, the beautiful woman's words come back to my mind, on the night I buried my boyhood life.

"A woman's body is a sacred object." She had told me. "It must be treated with the utmost respect."

My fingers enter Hyacinth's hole gently. She continues to moan despite the hand that gags her. But does her body deserve *my*

respect? No.

"So you're going to be my toy, my slave!" I said in a cold voice.

My fingers come out of her hole. Hyacinth cries, but I don't care about her tears.

"My zombies, put her down on the ground, spread her legs and admire your Master!"

I take off my pants and my penis penetrates her violently, repeatedly, while my hands caress her breasts, her belly, her buttocks, quickly and abruptly. Hyacinth screams with pain and pleasure. I laugh out loud.

"Yes, my beautiful doll, scream and moan for your Master!"

After I finish with her, sending a good amount of my "dead" and therefore infertile seeds into her uterus, I order the zombies to watch her.

"I'll be back soon, my pretty, and you'll soon have more companions."

Because soon other beautiful women will have to offer me their bodies. Yes, my body is dead, but I can still spill my sperm, my seeds. Father could too, but he could never explain why. Speaking of him, since my "little fun" with Hyacinth, he's been quiet. It's for the best.

Soon, the rest of my little undead troop put Abatte's village under fire and blood. The few survivors left have served me well. The men have become undead soldiers, the women my slaves, and my hands play with their bodies with delight.

Near Abatte, there is an old uninhabited castle, situated in the middle of a forest. A former vacation home for Meribel's royal family. This castle becomes my den. My undead troop stays in the woods, when they don't attack other villages. My beautiful slaves are locked up in the dungeon cells. The most obedient of them have a straw bed and a simple dress to cover their bodies. The rebels, those who always try to flee or attack me, and this despite the threats of torture, are naked and chained.

I have much more sexual pleasure with my submissive and obedient slaves, although the cries of pain from the rebels are sweet music to my ears. Of course, they always have food and water.

The days go by. I have more and more undead under my command.

My little troop has become an army. It grows more and more, destroying everything in its path, and it is rapidly approaching the castle of King Deric and Queen Laise.

Using a transportation spell, via portals of green light, I could watch my undead wreak havoc. I also took the opportunity to capture the women who caught my eye. More slaves to satisfy my desires.

My favorite thing to do with my docile slaves is to have one sit between my legs, gag her mouth with one hand and use my other hand to finger her divine pussy, faster and faster, until she comes. Then I fondle her beautiful breasts, one at a time, and pinch her nipples. Then I make her lie down on the floor and my penis fucks her breasts, sliding between them several times, gently. Finally, I put my penis in her mouth and, while she sucks it and drinks my cum, I go back to playing with her pussy by kissing it, licking it, penetrating it with my fingers. I can revel in her love juice, her divine nectar.

Love

One day, as I was approaching a small town - this time my army was far behind me - three women dressed in white dresses came to meet me. A blonde, a brunette and a redhead. My gaze fell on the woman with red hair. They're very rare. I have only two of them among all my slaves and they are rebels with dirty tongues. I love to fuck them with force and spray their faces with my semen. My father, who has not said a word since I "played with" Hyacinth, addresses me.

< The city's leader had to send them to you as an offering, to prevent its destruction. >

< It's a waste of time, Father. > I answer him. *< If I want this city to be razed by my army, it will be! >*

The brunette woman says her name is Velia. The blonde woman's name is Naura.

"And you, my pretty?"

The pretty red-haired woman doesn't answer me. She looks at the ground.

"That's Marida. She... forgive our leader... She's crazy, but... she'll be an excellent slave, like us!" Velia says. "Isn't that right, Naura?"

"Yes. We offer ourselves to you, on our leader's behalf, in exchange for immunity for our city."

"... .."

Velia and Naura look at each other. They try to understand the reason for my silence. All my attention is on Marida. She fascinates me and not in a perverse way. She's young. She must be around 20 years old.

"Uh... aren't we to your liking?" Naura asks me.

"I'm sure an exchange is possible!" Velia says quickly. "Uh... maybe you would like Satia more?"

"Hey, Marida." I say, ignoring Velia and Naura.

She's still looking at the ground.

"I'm Adari, but you can call me Dari if you want."

"..."

"I promise to be very kind to you, so please say something."

Suddenly, her green eyes are on me. A look of anger.

"Why?" She says to me.

Her voice is neutral, but I sense that she's holding back from screaming in rage.

"Why what?"

"The birds. Why?"

"Marida, what are you talking about?"

"The birds! In cages! Why?"

"Shut up, you crazy bitch!" Velia says.

Velia seems to have lost her manners. I don't like her words.

"WHY, WHY, WHY?"

With each "why", Marida taps her foot. Despite her behavior, I remain calm. If she had been one of my slaves, I would have made her scream in pain while fucking her, but she isn't my slave. Unlike Velia and Naura, I don't see her as a slave, as a sex toy.

"Marida. I don't have birds."

I see her... as something else, but what?

"LIAR! *Female* birds! In cages!"

"!!!"

"They get black seeds! They don't lay eggs! WHY ARE THEY IN CAGES?"

Female birds in cages. She was talking about my sex slaves.

"Why? Because they are *my* birds." I say. "I do with them what I want."

Marida suddenly falls silent. The flames in her eyes go out and her body trembles. She is terrified.

"V...Velia. Nau...Naura. Fu...Future birds?" She asks me.

"Yes."

"Finally, this fucking idiot understands something!" Naura says.

I don't understand why, but I have a crazy urge to rip out Naura's tongue. I don't want her and Velia to say anything bad about Marida.

"And... and... and me? Am I a bird too?"

Marida. I look at her and I see... A companion, a wife. I love her. My body is dead, my soul is filled with darkness, and yet I love her. It is love at first sight. My father is speechless.

"No. Marida. Not my bird, but my wife. My love, I want you by my side."

Marida, probably thinking that I was going to rape her, screams and tries to flee, but Velia and Naura tackle her to the ground with violence.

"NO!" I shouted. "You're hurting her!"

Marida struggles like a beast, screaming, and Naura, after calling her a crazy bitch, kicks her in the head. Seeing poor Marida's blood spurt out, I cracked. My anger, my fury, everything is released. Using a transportation spell with a large portal, I make my army appear in the city's heart.

"MY ARMY, DESTROY THIS CITY! I WANT NO SURVIVORS!!!"

"NOOOOOO!" Velia shouts. "Why?! You—"

I shut her up by snapping my fingers. Her body is thrown backwards, away from Marida. She's paralyzed and a light, her soul, appears on her chest.

I take hold of Velia's soul and, while humming a song from my childhood, I torture her. My long fingernails claw, leaving red marks of blood and darkness on her soul. An astral voice, Velia's voice, cries and screams to my delight. My father begs me to stop.

<Enough. My son. This soul has suffered enough. STOP!>

I order Alivian to be quiet. I do as I please and I want Velia's soul to suffer more, much more. I give her another mark, a deep one, while laughing. For her part, Naura is terrified. She lets go of Marida and starts to run away.

"And where do you plan to go like this, you bitch?"

I hold Velia's soul tightly in my hand, until I destroy it by breaking it into pieces, then I summon two of my zombies to catch Naura. I then order the undead to bring her back to me and tear off her white dress. Naura screams in fright. She knows very well what I am going to do to her.

"I'm going to punish you, you little whore, for *my* Marida. My beautiful, sweet Marida."

I put my penis in the open and was about to penetrate her cruelly when I heard a scream. It was Marida. She got up. Her beautiful face is bloody.

"Don't look, my sweet Marida. I will punish her in your name."

"NO!"

"My love, please."

"NO! NO! NO!"

With each "no," she taps her foot.

"Will you watch me do it, then?"

"NO! NOT THAT!"

"Marida..."

"I... DON'T... WANT... THAT!"

"Oh, Marida, I can't let her go without punishing her. She hurt you! It's either 'that' or I'll take her soul and put her through the same suffering as Velia."

"...No..."

"You have to choose, sweetheart."

"NOOOO!"

"Right. In that case..."

I leave Naura with my two zombies and approach Marida.

"You leave me no choice."

< Dari, no... >

I force her soul out of her body, while keeping her alive. Marida falls unconscious. I take her soul in my hands and caress it with love. Marida's body shakes with pleasure.

< DARI! >

< Shut up, Father! I offer her all my love. >

< By defiling her soul with your perverse desires? >

< No. I won't make your mistakes again. You with your beautiful Crystal... >

My hands caress her soul faster and faster. Marida, though unconscious, moans with pleasure.

"Ahhhhhh~! Marida, *my* beautiful Marida."

I kiss it passionately several times and Marida orgasms.

"My sweet half, my love~!"

My tongue licks her soul slowly and gently. Marida is in ecstasy. She has a long orgasm.

"*My* Marida forever~!"

I return her soul in her and Marida becomes silent. She's no longer unconscious. She is sleeping gently. I try to wipe as much blood as possible from her face and then run my fingers through her beautiful hair while whispering to her to have sweet dreams.

I return to Naura.

"Now it's time for your punishment, little bitch."

I order one of the zombies to gag her and my penis enters her love tunnel with violence. I leave marks on her skin, I pinch her nipples with force, I enter one of my fingers in her asshole. Despite her gagged

mouth, Naura screams in pain. I like that. Before ejaculating my cum, I penetrate her several times and then, to finish, I order the zombie to release her mouth, and I force my penis inside.

"Drink, bitch, drink my liquid, and let your soul implore my mercy!"

Naura, her eyes filled with tears, drinks my sperm and I hear her soul screaming, asking me for mercy. Being satisfied, I remove my penis from her mouth. I order the two zombies to go and lock her in a cell in my lair and a transportation spell takes them to the old castle.

Then I watch, from a distance, the city being destroyed by my army, while staying close to my beautiful Marida. Then I take her in my arms and we return to the castle. In my den, I lay my beloved in a bed of an old guest room. She looks so serene... I fetch a wet towel to remove the rest of the blood from her face.

After that's done, I take a trip to the dungeons. To see how Naura will behave now, and if some of my docile slaves want to "play" with me.

A few hours later, after some "good time" with my beauties, a Naura obedient to my every wish, and many fingered pussies, I return to the guest room. Marida is there, sitting on the bed, looking at the ceiling.

"Marida?"

"..."

"What do you see, my love?"

"Cages. Always cages. Birds. Always. I don't want cages!"

"You have nothing to worry about, my sweet love. I'm not going to lock you in..."

"You don't understand! I don't want cages!"

"What would I have to understand? You are my wife, not my slave."

"AHHHH! If you want me to be your "wife", the birds must be free! NO. MORE. CAGES!"

"I can't do that."

"Yes you can, Dari!"

I didn't expect her to say my nickname.

"If you love me, you'll do it." Marida says to me. "I know I do, because something soft and warm is inside me."

She must be talking about her soul and the "love" I gave her.

"And then, will you ask me to stop my vengeance?" I asked Marida.

"Vengeance?"

"My family is dead. King Deric is responsible. He and his family must pay!

"No. You can have your revenge, but I don't want 'this'!"

"This'... you mean... me, fucking hard with beautiful women?"

"Yes. I don't want to see women suffer because of you! I don't want villages and towns destroyed either, but... that's asking too much."

"..."

"So, Dari, are you going to free the birds?"

She has some nerve, making such a request of me! Yet, to keep her close to me, I am ready to do anything.

"Yes... I will free all my slaves, and I will not capture any more, but on three conditions."

"Which ones?"

"One, that you marry me. Two, that you stay by my side forever. Three, when you want to, you will sleep with me."

Marida remains silent for a long, long time, then she agrees. I will immediately free my slaves.

The rebellious women run away. The docile ones want to stay, even Naura, but I tell them that I have a wife now and cannot be their Master anymore. They leave, reluctantly, and then I go to find - or rather take by force - a wedding dress and rings.

As soon as Marida is dressed in the gown, we get married, with my father's soul and his parents' soul as witnesses. As soon as the gold ring was placed on her finger, Marida asked me if our union should be consummated right away.

"No, my love. Remember the third condition. 'When you want to, you will sleep with me.' If you don't want to, I'll wait."

She smiles at me and I am happy, but I will be even happier when my revenge is accomplished.

Marida spends the next few hours doing housework. Watching her do this, I don't see a "crazy person", although she has some strange quirks and sometimes she talks in a rather special way. I wonder why the people in the town where she lived thought she was crazy.

Vengeance

The days pass, I live in blissful moments with my sweet Marida, and my army of undead continues to wreak havoc. I transport myself to their side as they arrive at the castle of King Deric and Queen Laise.

< Father, it's time. >

< Adari, my son... >

< You can beg me, you can curse me even more... hell! You can even ask me to destroy you with the souls of your parents, who have never said a word since they were inside me, it won't change anything! My family, my sweet family, I will avenge you all! >

I yell to my army to attack the castle and kill its inhabitants, except the royal family. The king, the queen and their only daughter, 18-year-old Princess Liliose. The zombies and skeletons began to march...

When everything is finished, I stand in the throne room. The king, queen and princess are tied up and kneeling before me. After telling my story to the royal family, I lock them in their own dungeons.

I torture King Deric, both his body and his soul, while savoring each of his cries, and I force Queen Laise to watch. Her Majesty the Queen begs me to spare her husband, but I am deaf to her words.

"Then take my body!" Says the queen.

"Pardon me? Did I hear right?"

"Yes. I am yours. Caress me. Enter me and spare the king!"

"Ahhhh~!"

The idea of fucking the queen excites me a lot, especially since Marida still didn't want to sleep with me, but she doesn't want women to suffer because of me. On the other hand, did I promise her such a thing? I don't have any more slaves and, as agreed with her, I don't have new ones. Making women suffer... I look at the queen with envy.

"Come." Says the queen. "Come and enjoy yourself."

< What are you going to do? > asks Alivian.

< Ah, Marida~... My beautiful Marida~... She doesn't have to know.
After all, she's in my den. She's waiting for my return. >

< !!! >

< And I want to have fun! I want to have pleasure with this royal doll! >

I leave the king and I pounce on the queen. I tear off her dress and my hands caress her breasts and her buttocks. My tongue licks her neck. Queen Laise screams with pleasure and pain. My penis enters hard in her. Again... again... again... She quickly orgasms for my biggest happiness.

I fill her womb with my seed, then pull my penis out of her hole and put it in her mouth. I order her to suck. Queen Laise complies. While her mouth offers me pleasure, my hands go to caress her belly then, without her seeing it coming, I force her soul out of her body. I take my penis out of her mouth, leave her corpse behind, and have fun with her soul.

I caress it, I hurt it, I caress it, I hurt it, I caress it, I hurt it... Pain and pleasure. King Deric, in spite of his pitiful state, hurls an insult at me, then I finish him off by cutting off his head. I return to "play" with the queen's soul for a few minutes, before destroying it.

All this time, my father has remained silent. All he can do is look. Now I only have to take care of Princess Liliose. I go to the cell where she is locked up.

"You...!" Said the princess when she saw me. "Father and mother, are they...?"

"Dead? Yes. "

"NOOOOOOOO! I... I cried for you."

"Excuse me?"

"I have, or rather I had, cried for you. Your family... it's so sad and unfair!"

"..."

"I always told my parents that the royalties were too high, but they never listened to me."

"Princess, you..."

"You don't have to believe me, but I love the people of the land. Farmers. Sometimes when I was a little girl, I used to dream of having a farm."

"What are you—?"

"I've always told myself that when I'm queen of Meribel, I'll offer help for the farmers. I don't know how yet, but... eh."

"..."

"You're going to kill me, so..."

I open the cell door and step away from her.

"What are you doing?" Princess Liliose asks me.

"I spare you, this is what I do. With the death of the king, my vengeance is accomplished."

"And where do you intend to go, like that?"

"To find my wife."

With my necromancy, I destroy my undead army, and return to the old castle to find my sweet Marida. She asks me if "it is all over".

"Yes, my revenge is accomplished."

"Now, what will you do?"

I think back to the old family farm. To the land. The crops. To what my father did to start over.

"I... I'm going to be a farmer again." I say. "Find a land, a house, a farm..."

"Ahhh, that's wonderful!" Marida says.

"But for that... I have to kill someone."

"WHAT?!"

"Marida. My love. This will be the last life I will steal. Please, don't try to stop me."

Marida becomes silent and she holds back from crying. I kiss her on

the forehead before leaving and go hunting for the perfect body.

New life and new tragedy

It is while transporting myself (teleportation) to Horis' kingdom that I find the perfect target. Janile Dalbert, a 20-year-old farmer. Beautiful blond hair, hazel eyes sparkling with life, a body muscled by work.

I return to Marida and take her to Horis. I take Janile's body but, seeing Marida in tears, I try to do it without destroying his soul. When I open my new eyes, I hear a new voice in my head.

< *By the potatoes! What happened to me?* > Janile wonders.

< *My friend, you're dead.* > Alivian simply answers him.

< *Dead? What do you mean, dead?* >

< *Your body is my son's now.* >

< *Shame on you, Adervil!* > Suddenly said Alivian's father's voice, so my paternal grandfather Banlier.

< *I never should have brought you into the world!* > Said the voice of her mother, my grandma Celerine.

< *AH!!!* > Janile exclaims.

< *Ah, NOW you decide to talk!* > I said.

< *Father. Mother. It's been a very long time.* > Adervil (Alivian) tells them.

< *How dare you talk to me, you monster?!* > Retorts his father.

< *Oh Father, you'll never change.* >

< *By all the roosters, can someone explain to me what is going on?* > Say Janile.

I laugh and Marida asks me if everything is okay.

"Yes, my sweet, everything is fine. From now on, a new life begins for both of us. We have to change our identities, our names, do you understand?"

"..."

"For me, it will be Janile. You must call me by that name. Not Dari nor Adari but Janile. Got it? Janile Dalbert."

"Got it, Dar... Janile."

"Good." I replied to my sweet Marida.

<HEY! You can't take my name!> said Janile's soul.

<If, I can and, like all souls I carry, you owe me obedience!>

<NO! NEVER!>

<SILENCE, Janile Dalbert!>

His soul is silent.

"And you, Marida, what is your new name going to be?"

"I don't know... I don't want to change my name."

"But you have to. How about Alixe?"

"Alixé?"

"Yes. Alixe... Uh... Alixe Joline."

"If that's what you want..."

"No! I want it to be YOUR choice. I don't want to force you to wear this name if you don't like it."

"But I just told you I don't want to change my name! I... I don't have a choice... so Alixe Joline it is."

"My Meri..."

"No, Alixe! Alixe Joline!"

I sighed and thought I heard my father's soul congratulating me, but why? Not for my revenge, anyway.

"Now, Alixe, let's go find ourselves some land, a house and a farm."

We go to Oricia, the nearest village, and we easily find a land, with a house already built and a farm. The family that lived there died a short time ago. After visiting the house, Alixe is waiting for me in the bedroom.

"Alixé? What are you doing here?"

She slowly undresses.

"I... I want to... sleep with you, Dar... Janile. C...Come."

She blushes and I smile. Finally, my beautiful Alixé offers me her love, her body, for my new hands and my new penis.

I undress in turn and I join her in bed. I give her a shower of kisses then my hands caress her breasts with softness. I go then to cajole her clitoris then I finger her pussy with delicacy. Alixé moans with pleasure and I moan with her.

"G...Get it... in..."

"Are you sure, my beautiful?"

"Y...yes..."

I enter my finger in her love tunnel. Alixé lets out a scream.

"Did I hurt you?"

"Y...yes... a little... but... it's soft... and warm... ahhhhh~..."

"Wait, my sweet, I'll give you more pleasure."

My finger caresses her from the inside. She screams again, but with pleasure this time.

"Ahhhhh~... Keep going... don't stop... AHHHHH~..."

"With pleasure, my love."

I continue, but I accelerate the rhythm of my caress. Alixé starts to orgasm. My mouth kisses her with passion and I withdraw my finger from her love tunnel. Her beautiful little love juice flows gently.

"Ohhhhhh, Janile."

"It's all dirty now. Let me clean it."

"Clean—?"

She has another orgasm as my tongue goes to feast on her love juice. I take my time, not wanting to miss a drop of this wonderful liquid.

When I'm done, I go back to fondling her breasts.

"Now, my pretty, are you ready? My new, fertile seeds are eagerly waiting to enter your sacred temple!"

"Ahhhhh~... Yes, YES, ENTER ME!"

My cock enters her with the greatest gentleness. The orgasm that Alixe offers seems to have reached its paradox. I let it out slowly then I penetrate her again. Again. Again. Again. Again. Again. Until it ejaculated my seed and our bodies became one.

We stay like that, for what seems like an eternity, then I remove my penis and go to lie next to Alixe.

"So, my love, did you enjoy it?"

"Yes. I should have decided long ago!"

I sigh silently.

"Will I have a child by you?"

"I'm sure you will, my wonderful Alixe."

I kiss her.

"If not, we'll just have to do it again."

"Yesss~!"

And so my new life begins. A farmer's life, as before the tragedy that destroyed my family. During the day, I work the land. At night, I sleep, except for my lovemaking with Alixe.

Sometimes Janile's family comes to visit us, but I played along and they never knew their son was dead. Janile Dalbert's soul curses me, but I ignore it. In any case, he is condemned to obey me.

The years go by. Alixe and I have beautiful children. Three boys and two girls. We live in happiness. One evening, my wife is waiting for me in our bed and I go to her to caress her. She moans with pleasure and I smile. Without wasting any time, my finger goes to touch her beautiful pussy, wetting it.

I was hoping that no misfortune would befall us. How wrong I was. While I was away in the nearby village, a group of bandits came to the

farm and kidnapped my wife and children.

I left to their rescue, but the brigands had time to rape Alixe repeatedly, which broke her soul and her psyche. She's still alive, but she doesn't recognize me anymore. As for my three boys and two girls, they were sold to a mysterious wandering troupe called "The Red Mirror".

I became a lich again, much to my father's chagrin, and slaughtered all the bandits. I took my time with their leader, because he told me that "Your wife knows how to lick well, my cock loved her tongue, and her pussy... ohhhhhh, it was wonderful! My tongue and fingers loved getting her wet!" As for the "The Red Mirror" troupe, they'll have no idea of the horror that will befall them. I swear an oath.

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